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MARVEL COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER

THE OFFICIAL COMICS
ADAPTATION OF THE NEW
SCIENCE FICTION THRILLER
STARRING HARRISON FORD!

A
COMIC ART
CLASSIC BY
ARCHIE GOODWIN,
AL WILLIAMSON,
AND CARLOS
GARZON!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL**

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE HIT FILM!

BLADE RUNNER

THE CITY IS VAST, ITS LEVELS DEEP, ITS TOWERS ARE TALL, MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMD WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.



Adapted by **ARCHE GOODWIN**
Penwork by **AL WILLIAMSON** and **CARLOS GARZON**
Inked by **AL WILLIAMSON**, **CARLOS GARZON**,
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PRODUCED BY **MICHAEL DEELEY** DIRECTED BY **RIDLEY SCOTT**

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UH...WHAT WAS THE QUESTION AGAIN? I KINDA GET NERVOUS WHEN I TAKE TESTS. HAD AN I.Q. TEST EARLIER THIS YEAR... BUT NOTHIN' LIKE THIS.

JUST PAY ATTENTION LEON. REACTION TIME IS A FACTOR, SO ANSWER AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN.

YOU WATCH A TORTOISE IN THE DESERT... TRAPPED ON ITS BACK... BAKING IN THE SUN... TRYING TO TURN OVER...

IT NEEDS HELP, LEON. BUT YOU'RE NOT HELPING. WHY IS THAT, LEON?

THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUMID. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED, HIS INTERROGATOR COOLLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.



YOU MAKE THESE QUESTIONS UP, MR. HOLDEN... OR THEY WRITE 'EM DOWN FOR YOU? WATTA YOU MEAN I'M NOT HELPING?

THEY'RE JUST QUESTIONS, LEON... DESIGNED TO EVOKE AN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE. WE'LL TRY A DIFFERENT ONE...

DESCRIBE IN SINGLE WORDS ONLY THE GOOD THINGS THAT COME INTO YOUR MIND... ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.



MV... MV...

AGITATION BECOMES SHOCK. RAGE. ACROSS THE DESK...



... HOLDEN'S HAND DARTS INSIDE HIS JACKET. BUT LEON MOVES TOO. AND DESPITE HIS BULK...

...HE IS FAR SWIFTER.



THE BIG MAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. THEN STOPS, AND WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND FIRES AGAIN.



LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME VOYGT-KAMPEE...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT ON STEADILY BLINKING. BLINKING. BLINKING.

That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL! FAMILY MAKERS! WE NEED YOU! THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA COLONY NEEDS YOU!

GIVE YOURSELF A BRAND NEW WORLD! IF YOU MEET HEALTH AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFWORLD EMIGRATION...WE NEED YOU!

Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a CHOICE. Sometimes you don't have any at all.

I ORDERED FOUR PIECES OF FISH YOU OLD NOODLE HUSTLER, YOU ONLY GAVE ME TWO! TWO!

THAT RIGHT, THAT RIGHT, DECKARD, YOU GOT TWO.

YEAH SURE. THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT TWO.

YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCOMPANY ME, SIR.



BUT NO...! BRYANT THINKS YOU'RE HOT STUFF, SMARTEST SPOTTER...BADDEST BLADE RUNNER...WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME.

YOU DON'T SHAVE...YOU DON'T DRESS WELL...THAT REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT...MAKES US ALL LOOK BAD.

THE SKIN JOBS LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S THE POINT OF WIPING 'EM OUT IF THEY LOOK BETTER THAN ENFORCEMENT?

PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT SKIN JOBS FOR ENFORCEMENT! I GUESS YOU'D PREFER, THAT, HUH? THAT WHY YOU QUIT?



PAL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING.



EXACTLY! WATTA JERK! IF I WASN'T UP FOR PROMOTION I'D PUT THIS BABY IN A HOT SPIN AND LEAVE YOUR DINNER ALL OVER THE GLASS!

I just shrug and keep eating my noodles and fish, watching the city flash by below. Somebody would start speaking my language soon enough... at police headquarters.

NO NEED TO PUT YOURSELF OUT. I THINK I KNOW MY WAY FROM HERE.



My friend the clotheshorse didn't rise to being baited or even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T **GLARE**, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST **ASKED**... SO I SENT **GAFF** FOR YOU.

GOTTA BUNCH OF **SAVIN JOES** WALKIN' THE STREETS... HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE, KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.

EMBARRASSING.

HOLDEN'S GOOD. GIVE IT TO HIM.

I DID. HE'S NO GOOD NOW...FOR **ANYTHING**. THIS IS THE WORST **EVER** DECK, I NEED THE OL' **GLADE RUNNER**... I NEED YOUR MAGIC.

"Officially there's two kinds of clowns in this circus: little smart guys with computers; big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME**."

I WAS **QUIT** WHEN I WALKED IN HERE, **BRYANT**... I'M **TWICE** AS **QUIT** NOW. SEE YA!

SIT **DOWN**, DECKARD/LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU KNOW THE SCORE?

"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."

"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."

"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **skipped** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."

"...REPLICANT DETECTION. SQUAD ONE."

"Bryant's got a liver problem. Few years' back, he handed me a bottle and said I have a drink for another man. I've been drinking for him ever since."

"And with what was coming over the monitor's from the tapes Bryant showed... I definitely **NEEDED** a drink."

"The big incentive to emigrate was still free labor. If the public found out their replicant labor force might **KILL** them... they wouldn't be so keen on offworld colonization."

"Replicant androids **A-X-E-P-D**; referred to as the **NEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

"...KILLED 23 PEOPLE IN ALL. BUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, **ONE** OF 'EM GOT FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD... THEY WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO TYRELL'S."

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

LOST 'EM/ GOIN' ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE** THE CORPORATION AS NEW EMPLOYEES... WE SENT **HOLDEN** TO RUN VOIGHT-KAMPEFF TESTS ON NEW WORKERS.

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **RIGHT** OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THE **GOOD NEWS**...

"When four skin jobs-- possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampff, judging from what happened to Holden-- still running around loose, are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."

"The bad news was **ROY GATTY**, a work of art. Combat model. Crowning achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. He'd flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhauser Gate and been with the squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."

"He could handle 1200 degrees Fahrenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentinian Moon. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

AND HE'S PROBABLY THE **LEADER** OF THIS BUNCH YOU'RE AFTER, DECK.

MAYBE TO FIND OUT **WHEN** THEY WERE MADE.

THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN **EMOTIONAL RESPONSE**. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A **FAIL SAFE DEVICE**...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS **FOUR YEARS TO LIVE**.

BUT WHY LEAD THEM BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR **MANUFACTURE**?

"THE **NEXUS THREE** had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I **QUIT** because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the Nexus **SIX**."

"An' I got four of 'em all to **MYSELF**. Two female. Two male. An' best yet...one is **ROY BATTY**, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and **TYRELL** was top of the line."



"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have **EQUAL RIGHTS** and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from **PEOPLE**. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how **CLOSE** they came..."

"...they were still **OBJECTS**. I was inclined to disagree... otherwise I wouldn't have quit."

LIKE OUR **OWLS**?



"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then... **EVERYTHING** about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."

WE GATHER YOUR DEPARTMENT DOESN'T BELIEVE OUR **NEW UNIT** IS TO THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.



REPLICANTS ARE LIKE ANY OTHER MACHINE. THEY CAN BE A BENEFIT OR A HAZARD. IF THEY'RE A BENEFIT, IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

MAY I ASK A PERSONAL QUESTION...? HAVE YOU EVER RETIRED A HUMAN BY MISTAKE?



"Of course, I told her **NO**..."

"...but we both noticed I **HEBITATED** a little and before either of us could pursue it, we were joined by the **MAN** himself... **DR. ELDON TYRELL**."



THIS VOIGHT-KAMPEF TEST, MR. DECKARD. BEFORE WE TRY IT ON MY **PROTOTYPE**, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WORK ON A **PERSON**.



WHAT'S
THAT
GONNA
PROVE?

INDULGE ME DECKARD.
I WANT TO SEE A
NEGATIVE BEFORE I
PROVIDE YOU WITH A
POSITIVE.

TRY IT
ON **RACHEL**
HERE.

"We darkened the place I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."



"And I'm supposed to be the **DETECT**
at askin' the right questions to
trigger the
right responses..."



"Only I had no instinct on
her...no magic. I couldn't
believe what I was
reading..."



"This lady, Rachel, gave
me cold chills."

"And after more than a
HUNDRED questions..."



"...I wanted to talk with Tyrell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR.
DECKARD. THOUGH IT
TOOK FAR MORE
QUESTIONS THAN
NORMAL TO LEARN
THE **TRUTH**, DIDN'T
IT?

SHE
REALLY
DOESN'T
KNOW
WHO SHE
IS...?



SHE ONLY
SUSPECTS **NOW**.
I THINK. YOU SEE,
THERE'S THIS STRANGE
OBSESSION WE'VE
RECOGNIZED IN THEM...
THEY **WANT** MEMORIES.

AFTER ALL THEY'RE EMOTIONALLY
IMPERMANENT...HAVING ONLY A
FEW YEARS TO STORE UP WHAT WE
SPEND OUR LIVES ACQUIRING.
GIFTING THEM WITH A
PAST CREATES A CUSHION FOR
THEIR EMOTIONS...

AND WE CAN
CONTROL THEM
BETTER.

IT'S THE DARK CORNERS, THE LITTLE SHADY PLACES THAT
MAKE US INTERESTING, DECHARD. GUSTY EMOTIONS ON AN
AUTUMN NIGHT...THE SCENT OF A WOMAN'S HAIR...THE
SWEET GUILT AFTER...

ALL
RIGHT,
TYRELL!

WHERE DO YOU
GET THEM,
THESE
MEMORIES...?

IN RACHEL'S CASE,
I SIMPLY COPIED
AND REGENERATED
CELLS FROM THE
BRAIN OF MY
SIXTEEN YEAR OLD
NIECE.

RACHEL
REMEMBERS
WHAT MY LITTLE
NIECE
REMEMBERS.

"Fascinating..."

"I wondered whose lifecells was
programmed into ROY BATTY'S
brain. Guys like Tyrell design
monsters for profit. When they
foul up, functionaries like
me get called in to clean
the mess."

"Only thing I like
less than creepy
machines and
fancy skin jobs
are the people
that MAKE
them."

"From that lofty corporate tower,
I went DOWN...to a section of town
where SEEDY is probably a compliment.
According to Tyrell personnel records,
LEON lived in a hotel there..."

"...At least he had until he aired
my predecessor, HOLDEN."

"Bryant had GUFF join me. Guess he expected trouble. Or maybe the department's new boy wonder just needed a quiet spot to practice his foil sculptures. At any rate...

"...what we found was an empty room. Obviously neither Leon nor his friends had been back...

"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe...

"a pretty ordinary batch of SHADOWS stuck in one pocket..."

"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after tucking 'em in my wallet, I got a feeling...

"...the ol' MAGIC as Bryant calls it. It brought me to the window.

"There wasn't much to see below. Damp streets. Reflected lights. And shadowed doorways that might hide anything."

LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO- PHONES...

...AND ANOTHER WHO
WANTS FOR HIM.

DID YOU
GET YOUR
PRECIOUS
PHOTOS?

SOMEBODY
WAS
THERE.

第24

OF COURSE, THE POLICE
FORGET THOSE PICTURES,
LEON. WE'RE GOING TO
FIND A MORE
PRACTICAL ASPECT
OF OUR PAST.



SUB-ZERO COLD FILLS THE LABORATORY OF
HANNIBAL CHEW. IT IS A LABOR CONDITION
THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL HAS ACCEPTED OVER
THE YEARS, AND EVEN COME TO APPRECIATE. HE
IS SELDOM DISTURBED BY VISITORS, SURELY...

...OR OTHERWISE.

HOW
YOU GET IN
HERE? BUSY?
BUSY? YOU GO
AWAY. MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT.

WE HAVE QUESTIONS,
MR. CHEW, AND NOT A
GREAT DEAL OF TIME.
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THE DESIGN OF THE
NEXUS SIX.

NO, NO.
COLD 'GOLD'.
GO
AWAY!

ROY BATTY'S RESPONSE IS A
SMILE MORE ICY THAN THE
ROOM THEY STAND IN...

...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

YOU REPLICANT!
ILLEGAL! NOT BELONG
HERE! YOU BELONG
OTHER WORLDS...
UP THERE!



...AS THEY STRIP
AWAY HIS LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM!

QUESTIONS THE NEXUS
SIX...LONGEVITY.MORPHO-
LOGY. USE LIFE INCEP-
T DATES.

PLEASE!
THE C-COLD...

DON'T
REMOVE THAT
STUFF JUST
EYES...JUST
NEXUS
EYES.



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL...AND AS THEY FELL
DEEP THUNDER ROLLED AROUND THEIR SHORES,
INDIGNANT...
BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

MANNIBAL CHEW TRIES TO TURN A FUTILE
GESTURE AGAINST THE SPEED OF THE
BIG MAN'S HANDS.



AH, CHEW.
IF ONLY YOU
COULD SEE
THE THINGS
I'VE SEEN WITH
YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!



G-NAME
COAT...PLEASE!
ONLY BIG GENIUS...
TYRELL...KNOWS
ANSWERS.
C-COAT...
P-PLEASE!



NOT AN
EASY MAN TO
VISIT TYRELL.
SECURITY
AND ALL
THAT.



S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE
YOU...J.F. SEBASTIAN...!
P-PLEASE...

ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE
QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.

"To round out a perfect day, it was pouring rain by the time I checked in Gaff and the police spinner and drove home in my own car."

"My mind was on having a drink and drying off..."

"...or maybe I'd have tumbled **BEFORE** reaching my floor that the elevator's shadows hid a **SECOND** passenger."

ALL RIGHT!
WHO?

I...I'M
SORRY

"Sorry! She didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still...I didn't stop her from following me inside."

YOU THINK I'M A **REPLICANT**, DON'T YOU? BUT I WANT YOU TO **LOOK**...I'VE BROUGHT A **PHOTO** OF ME AND MY PARENTS, AND I REMEMBER--

EXPLORING AN EMPTY BUILDING WITH YOUR BROTHER WHEN YOU WERE SIX... THE SPIDER WEB ON THE BUSH OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW...

Y-YES... BUT HOW CAN YOU--?

IMPLANTS, RACHEL. TYRELL'S VERY AROUD OF THEM. RAN SOME ON A SCANNER FOR ME.

N-NO... I DON'T... BELIEVE...

RIGHT. I MADE IT ALL UP. YOU'RE NOT A **REPLICANT**...IT WAS JUST A NASTY JOKE. FORGET IT. HAVE A DRINK.

"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

"...except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED. YET AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME.



HIS NAME IS J.F. SEBASTIAN AND THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN HIS LIFE...



...UNTIL TONIGHT.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING... HIDING THERE IN ALL THAT RUBBISH?

S-SORRY...! I WAS LOST... NEEDED SOME PLACE DRY... WARM.

SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE? YOU LOOK HUNGRY... I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I WAS HOPEING YOU'D SAY THAT.



DEALING WITH PEOPLE IS DIFFICULT FOR J.F. SEBASTIAN, BUT THIS GIRL... PRIS SHE CALLS HERSELF... HOMELESS, SEEMINGLY SHYER THAN HE IS, SOMEHOW MAKES IT EASY, NATURAL.

YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?

YEAH. PRETTY MUCH. NO HOUSING SHORTAGE AROUND HERE... PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE.



AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR
CARRIES THEM UPWARD, AND
OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.

YOOHOO...
HOME!
HOME AGAIN!

I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID...

HOME AGAIN...HOME
AGAIN! JIGADDY JIG!

GOOD
EVENING
J.F.!

THESE ARE MY...
FRIENDS, PRIS, KAISER
AND BEAR. TOYS,
REALLY...I'VE MORE
INSIDE.

HE FEELS HER STUDYING HIM IN THE LIGHT...AND KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S GOING TO SAY.

Y-YOU'RE
NOT AS OLD
AS...YOU
LOOK...
WHAT...?

METHUSELAN SYNDROME.

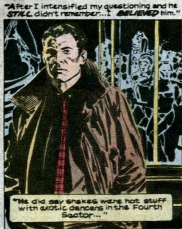
I'M TWENTY, PRIS, MY GLANDS...THEY AGE TOO FAST.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL HERE...I COULDN'T PASS THE
EMIGRATION TEST.

J.F... I LIKE
YOU JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE.

"Machines can be helpful some-
times. They can also be a **BIG**
AWAY. Take my **ESPER**...I'd spent
the evening letting it three-
dimensionally enhance and
examine the set of snapshots
I took from Leon's hotel room.
So far all it revealed was that
that room's wardrobe had once
had a **SHOULDER DRESS** hanging
in it... And that neither Leon
nor Roy Batty was the type to
WEAR ONE. **REAL** helpful."

"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like Tyrrell said, they
NEED memories. I couldn't figure any of it. But my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff.
Maybe it was on **ANOTHER** photo... the one **RACHET** left earlier. On that night the
fact that when I uncrumpled it, her **ANYONE NUMBER** was on the back. Interesting.
But nothing that would help detection and retirement... So I decided I was hungry."

"And along with my usual order at the noodle-bar... I got some **LUCK**."





"I didn't dignify it by calling it a lead. Instead I called it an urge to have a drink in the smoky part of town. After hours of doing toots and bellyhops, and peering at ladies who may have been talented, depending on your tastes, but definitely weren't either of my female replicants..."



"I ended up at Taffy's Bar. Tired. Of working. Of looking. Maybe even of drinking..."



"...at least of doing it alone..."

HUNTING... "SIGN JOBS"
MR. DECKARD?

DIDN'T FIND ANY.
ALL I FOUND WAS A
BAR. YOU MISSED THE
DRINK I OFFERED BEFORE...
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.



NOT MY
KIND OF PLACE,
DECKARD... OR
PEOPLE!



"I could stay and stare at the vid-phone screen going blank... or retreat to the bar."

"I opted for the bar.
And found something
NEW to stare at.
They'd changed acts..."



"...and I was ~~WORKING~~ again."

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CUSTOMERS AREN'T
ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.

AH... I'M WITH THE
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF
VARIETY ARTISTS, MISS
SALOME... CONFIDENTIAL
COMMITTEE ON MORAL
ABUSES.

"She was a big woman. So was one of the reps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to **END** there. Still, I felt there was **SOMETHING**...And went with it."

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS OF **ALL MANNER** OF EXPLOITATION BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PLACE.

THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO CHECK THIS **DRESSING ROOM**.

AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY CHANGING AND GETTING OUT OF HERE. WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING **FOR**?



IF YOU'VE RUN OUT OF **HOLES** TO FIND--I COULD USE **HELP** DRYING MY **BACK**.



"This way she looked even **LESS** like my replicant. I have to have the Esper compare. sequins from **THIS** dress with the one it spotted in Leon's photos."



HOLES, MISS SALOME... **PEEP HOLES**/YOU'D BE **SURPRISED** WHAT SOME GUYS GO THROUGH TO GLIMPSE A BEAUTIFUL BODY.

I **DOUBT** IT...DIDN'T YOU SEE MY **ACT**?

AH... OF COURSE. HAVE YOU BEEN DOING IT **LONG**? I SEE YOU HAVE **OTHER** COSTUMES HERE. THAT **SEQUINED ONE** LOOKS **ESPECIALLY**--

"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my Esper a lot of wear and tear."

"She was **ZHORA**, all right. New hair color and whatever not withstanding."



"After that, it got a little **ROUGHER**..."

"...but she was more interested in getting out of there before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."



"That ~~SAVED~~ me. Only instead of just layin' there and bein' grateful, I bit my lip, ignored all my body's objections, and went **AFTER** her."



"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



"And maybe they did. With a **NEXUS SIX** ...it's kinda hard to tell!"

OUT OF THE WAY, BLAST IT!
OUT OF THE WAY!



STOP NOW!
STOP OR YOU'RE DEAD!

"Most of the crowd didn't listen even after I fired a few rounds. Why should a fugitive, replicant? I was **LOAING** her... and Detection Squad's peddest trade runner doesn't **DO** that!"



"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a **BUS**.
Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!

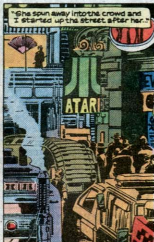
"She died then, I suppose..."

"Thanks to superior Tyrrell craftsmanship, she kept running. And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case to **END** it..."

"In one slide...out
the other."

"Zhora must have been
the meal ticket for Roy
Bartley's group. It's a
tough world, even raps
gotta eat. Only right
then...Their meal ticket
looked kinda used up."

"I wanted to be happy
about it, but I had a
feeling it wasn't gonna
work that way. I had
the feeling I was gonna
get the worst case of
shakes I ever had."



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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER



THE DRAMATIC
CONCLUSION TO
THE HIT FILM
STARRING
HARRISON FORD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL

BLADE RUNNER™

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, WHERE FOUR REPLICANTS--BIO-ORGANIC IMPROVEMENTS OVER OLD-FASHIONED ANDROIDS--ARE IN REBELLION...AND RICK DECKARD HAS BEEN FORCED OUT OF RETIREMENT TO HUNT THEM DOWN.

"My old boss, Captain Bryant, had me after the **ANDRUS SIX**...top of the line, superior to humans as warriors or laborers, and just about undetectable.

"I found that out when I tested a girl named **RACHEL** at the Tyrell Corporation where they're manufactured.

"I learned a lot **MORE** when I terminated the female rep, Zhora...and got **CHARMED** by her buddy **LEON**. I learned. But maybe not in **TIME**."

THEY GIVE US **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE, **BLADE RUNNER**...? THAT'S MORE THAN YOU GOT!

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORIKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

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For quite a while we just walked. Silent Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

VODKA. WAIT HERE. I'LL FIND A VENDOR.

"What I also found was GAFF."

Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd. I didn't think he'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."

"His main interest seemed to be hustling me over to **BRYANT**."

GEEZ, DECKARD! YOU LOOK ALMOST AS BAD AS THAT FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU SENT PLOWIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW DISPLAY. ALMOST.

YOU GET THE CALL ON THE BIG ONE... **LEON**...?

BET YOUR BUTT. **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT! YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY, GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER - SQUAD!

TWO, BRYANT. THAT'S **TWO** TO GO. YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT! LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!

RIGHT / THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S** HAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE**, DECK.

HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR ME, PAL / LET'S GO, GAFF!

"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Geoff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."



SHAKES.
I GET 'EM TOO.
BAD. IT'S PART
OF THE BUSINESS.



I'M NOT ~~IN~~
THE BUSINESS.

I AM THE
BUSINESS.



"There wasn't much to say after that. We did a lot of listening to the clock tick. But she needed to talk. Almost as much as I needed the drinks and a long, long rest."

WHAT IF
I GO NORTH...
DISAPPEAR?
WOULD YOU
COME
HUNTING?

NO I GUESS I
OWE
YOU.

BUT
SOMEBODY
WILL...

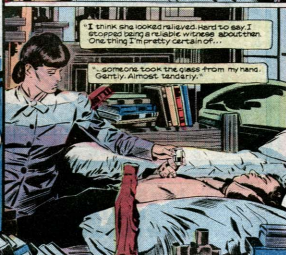
"The clock ticked some more. I eased down onto the bed, feeling a hundred years old and in no shape to deal with what she was sure to ask next."



THE FILE ON
ME...INCEPT
DATE...
LONGEVITY...
THOSE THINGS.
YOU *SAW* THEM.
I KNOW THEY'RE
CLASSIFIED, BUT
YOU'RE LIKE A
POLICE MAN. THEY'D
SHOW YOU.

I DIDN'T
LOOK AT
THEM.

I DIDN'T
WANT
TO.



"I think she looked relieved. Hard to say. I stopped being a reliable witness about then. One thing I'm pretty certain of..."

"... someone took the glass from my hand. Gently. Almost tenderly."

"I woke up to the piano playing and daylight streaming into the room. She stopped as I limped out. She let her hair down."

YOU
PLAY
WELL.

I DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD REMEMBER
LESSONS, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I TOOK
THEM... OR TYRELL'S NIECE.

THESE
PHOTOGRAPHS...

FAMILY. ME AND MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S
MY WIFE. SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFF-
WORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.

YOU DIDN'T?

"It wasn't a question I really had an **ANSWER** for..."

"...or that led in the direction I felt we were headed."

DECKARD... I
CAN'T RELY ON
MY **MEMORY**
TO...

"I pulled her to her feet and over by the window."

JUST SAY
WHAT I SAY.

KISS
ME.

KISS
ME.

I WANT
YOU.

I... **WANT**
YOU.

"I had her say it several times, until there was no
need to say anything at all."

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIS...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE FRIENDS I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE TOYS
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.

YOU'RE... NEXUS SIXES!
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU!

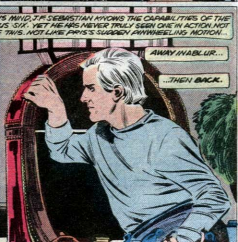


THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

OUR NEW FRIEND CAN
OVER BREAKFAST. BRING-US
SOMETHING, PRIS.



IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE
NEXUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION. NOT
LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIS'S SURE, SWIFT, PINWHEELING MOTION...



AWAY IN A BLUR...

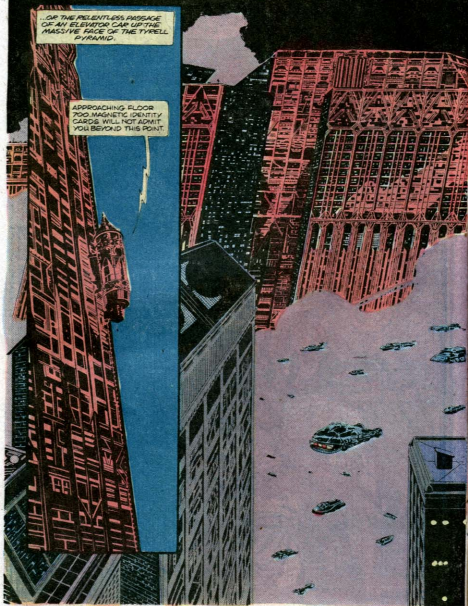
...THEN BACK.



VIEWING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE
DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE
STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL MARANGUE
OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS,...

...OF THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE
OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE
MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL
PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR
700. MAGNETIC IDENTITY
CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT
YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.







SEBASTIAN...
AT THIS HOUR?
CHECK...?
NO SENSE.
KNIGHT TAKES
QUEEN. TELL
HIM TO GO
HOME.

RESPONSE: BISHOP TO
KING SEVEN... MATE.

THOUGHTS OF STOCK
AND COMMODITY
TRADING THAT ELDON
TYRELL HAD BEEN
ABOUT TO DICTATE
TO HIS COMPUTER
VANISH. HE RISES,
SLIPPING ON HIS
ROBE.



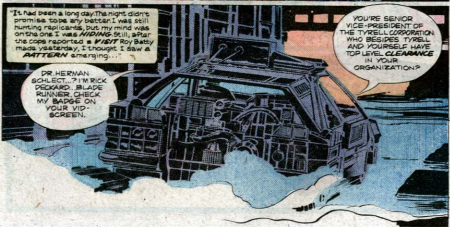
BISHOP TO KING SEVEN...
MATE? THAT'S...
WAIT A MINUTE.
WAIT A MINUTE.

LET
HIM IN!



A DOOR HISSES
OPEN, AND TYRELL
SEES...

I...UH...I
BROUGHT
A FRIEND.



"It had been a long day. The night didn't
promise tops any better. I was still
hunting replicants, but my mind was
on the one I was HIDING. Still, after
the cops reported a VISIT Roy Batty
made yesterday, I thought I saw a
PATTERN emerging..."

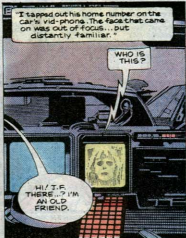
DR. HERMAN
SCHLEET...? I'M RICK
DECKARD... BLADE
RUNNER. CHECK
MY BADGE ON
YOUR VID-
SCREEN.

YOU'RE SENIOR
VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE TYRELL CORPORATION
WHO BESIDES TYRELL
AND YOURSELF HAVE
TOP LEVEL CLEARANCE
IN YOUR
ORGANIZATION?



"There were **THAT**. One was beyond being helpful. Hannibal Chew. The **OBJECT** of Batty's visit. But the other..."

J.F. SEBASTIAN. **ANAPT 46751**. GENETIC DESIGNER. AGE TWENTY. HOBBIES: GRAND MASTER CHESS PLAYER...



"I tapped out his home number on the car's vid-phone. The face that came on was out of focus... but distantly familiar."

WHO IS THIS?

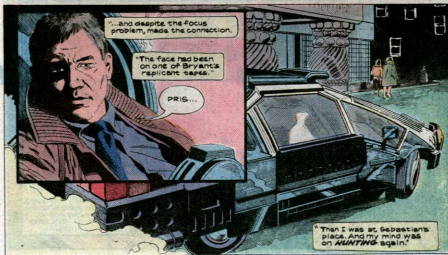
HI / J.F. THERE...? I'M AN OLD FRIEND.



"The lady looked for a second... Then the screen went blank."

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND.

"I picked up speed and punched up a replay..."



"...and despite the focus problem, made the connection."

"The face had been on one of Bryant's replicant tapes."

PRIS...

"Then I was at Sebastian's place. And my mind was on **HUNTING** again."

ELDON TYRRELL HAS BEEN PRUDENT. HE IS TOO FINE A CESS PLAYER TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE SO EARLY. HE SMILES AND SHOWS NO FEAR OF HIS MOST FEARSOME CREATION.

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME HERE SOONER.

IT'S NOT AN EASY THING TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

BUT WHAT COULD YOU WANT OF ME THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE, ROY?

I WANT MORE LIFE, YOU POMPOUS ASS!

TYRRELL DOESN'T PURPLE, BUT MOVES COMFORTINGLY... WITH PATERNALY ASSURANCE.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE. ANY ALTERATION IN THE EVOLVEMENT OF OUR ORGANIC LIFE-SYSTEMS IS FATAL. A CODING SEQUENCE CAN'T BE REVISED ONCE IT'S ESTABLISHED.

WHAT ABOUT S.M.S. COMBINATION...? OR A REPRESSOR PROTEIN TO BLOCK DETEIORATING CELLS?

GIVES RISE TO MUTATIONS IN THE NEWLY-FORMED DNA STRAND...A DEADLY VIRUS RESULTS BUT THIS IS ALL ACADEMIC, ROY.

YOU ARE MADE AS WELL AS WE COULD.

BUT NOT TO LAST?

THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS BRIGHT BURNS HALF AS LONG. AND YOU'VE BURNED SO VERY, VERY BRIGHTLY, ROY.

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS! I'M
PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... GLAD
YOU'VE RETURNED.

I'VE
DONE
QUESTIONABLE
THINGS.

ALSO EXTRAORDINARY
THINGS... A REBEL IN YOUR
TIME.

BUT
YOU FORGIVE...
MY MAKER
FORGIVES
ME.

AND TOO LATE, ELSON TYRELL REALIZES THAT
FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT...

...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME.

ACROSS THE ROOM, J.F.
SEBASTIAN WATCHES HIS
EMPLOYER DIE AND TURNS
TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR.

HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS
ABOUT BEING ABLE TO
MAKE IT.

MR. SEBASTIAN?

"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to live... or to look for killer replicants."

"So I tried to do it the smart way. Gun in hand... taking the stairs. Instead of the elevator. I still wasn't ready for his apartment..."

"...Or anything IN it."

GOOD EVENING, J.F.!

"Obviously, chess wasn't Sebastian's ONLY hobby..."

"Maybe my eye caught a slight movement... Maybe it was just that ol' instinct of mine Bryant loves so much..."

...but when I grabbed
at the veil of the
figure that caught
my attention, it was
nearly the **LAST**
THING I ever did!



"I landed in the hall—
separated from my
pistol! Scrambling
to grab that... I
missed again! What
was cartwheeling
my way..."



"...until Pris landed
on me and it was too
late to do anything
but **SUFFER**."



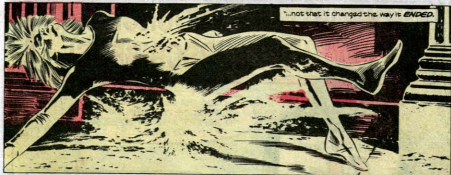
"The **GUN**! If I could only..."

"My fingers **SNAGGED** it! Pris
leaped away... Then came
spinning **BACK** for the **KILL**!"

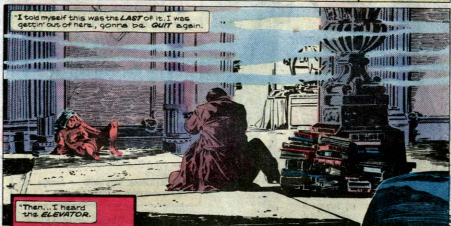
**NO! I
DON'T WANT
TO--**



"I like to think she
didn't give me any
choice..."



...not that it changed the way it **ENDED.**



"I told myself this was the **LAST** of it. I was gettin' out of here, gonna be **QUIT** again.

"Then... I heard
the **ELEVATOR.**



"It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Gaff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I **ANEW** nothin' was finished...

...an' the **WORST** was still to come.

"Sure, I could've talked with him...
until he learned what I'd left
INSIDE.

"So I dropped back...

"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at *AIRING* Roy Batty, supersoldier!

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor."



"I reloaded on the run and got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room."



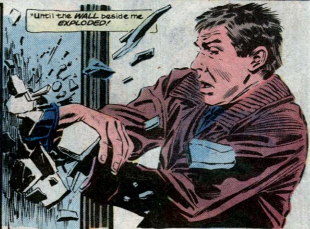
"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a sop to it... and something like animal rage."

"He'd found ARIS."

"After that... deadly quiet."



"Until the *WALL* beside me EXPLODED!"



"Before I could blink, Betty had jerked my gun arm through the hole...and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs."

FOR ARIS...
FOR ZHORA...

NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT...
Proud
OF YOURSELF,
LITTLE
MAN?



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, BLADE
RUNNER.



"I forgot about the pain. I **AAH!**
Just like he wanted I **AAH!** With
him getting closer. And when
there was no **PLACE** to run...

"...I **CLIMBED.**"

"Whatever the outcome... I intended to make it **AAH!** for him.

"Which made it harder on **AAH!**
Which maybe is what he
wanted in the first place.

"I grabbed some rag's and tried
resetting my fingers. Everything
seemed to drain out of me
in the effort...

"...then Betty arrived
to help me go **ON!**"

"...IF YOU
DON'T
PLAY--"

KAPAK!

"...WE'LL
HAVE TO
END IT
NOW!"

"He'd stripped down an'
DECORATED his body with his
own blood. Betty was acting
out some kinda crazy, savage
ritual..."

...but I was fighting to **SURVIVE!**

"A rusting piece of pipe yanked from the wall went **WHACK** against a Nexus Sur...even studded with a few nails.

"He had it **AWAY** from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process... damage **WAS** done."

THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!

"It bought me seconds. And **W** those seconds...

"...I smashed through the window slats to the mounting rain outside."

WHERE
ARE
YOU
GOING
LITTLE
MAN?

"I was scrambling upward over stone scrollwork, scrambling for my life. Not thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned **BEL**OW me."

"Then, I was on the **ROOF**... and it was just one more spot with no place to hide."

"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open."

"I didn't think about what I had to do next..."

"...I just DID it.

"ALMOST.

"Maybe with no rain... or two good hands.

"Instead I dangled helplessly... steadily slipping... while Roy Barry came to gloat.

"Or perhaps just to bear witness.

"I showed the only thing I had left. My **ANGER**. I got to swear at him **ONCE**...

"...and it was all over.

"Except I didn't **FALL**...

"For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun."



"But I felt a **SHAKING** and **STIFFENING** in the hand that lifted me... and finally realized the **PURPOSE** of Roy Batty's game."

"A last **BATTLE** for the ultimate warrior."



"He sat down across from where he propped me. Time passed and we stared at each other through the rain..."



"A pigeon fluttered into his grasp. Holding it gently, he broke the silence."

"THE THINGS I'VE SEEN... THINGS YOU LITTLE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE...!"

"ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE OFF THE SHOULDER OF ORION... BRIGHT AS MAGNESIUM... C-BEAMS GLITTERING IN THE DARK... SHATTERING BLINKERS AT THE TANNHAUSER GATE..."

"ALL THOSE MOMENTS... THEY'LL BE GONE."



"Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself."

"I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had... as though he loved every second of it... even the pain."

"Then he was **DEAD**."





"Not too much later, the cops came to take him away. Gaff was with them."

"HERE...ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND YOUR GUN INSIDE."

"AS FOR THE REMAINING REPLICANT...THE PRETTY ONE FROM TYRELL..."

"I'M THROUGH. I'M GOIN' HOME."

"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof."



"IT'S A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER... BUT THEN AGAIN, NO ONE DOES."



"I drove top speed all the way back to my place."

"RACHEL...!"

"The apartment was silent. It looked empty."



"Nothing seemed out of place. Then I noticed the FORM on the bed. Motionless. Covered by the sheet."

"RACHEL...?"



"I stared. Afraid to touch her..."



"...until she opened her eyes and smiled."

DO YOU
LOVE ME?

I
LOVE
YOU.



DO
YOU TRUST
ME?

I TRUST
YOU.

"I got her up, threw some
things into a case, and
fresh rounds into the
pistol."

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A
SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN,
NO ONE DOES."

"She didn't say anything.
And neither did I."



"Not even about the
little foil-sculptured
unicorn I found out-
side the door."

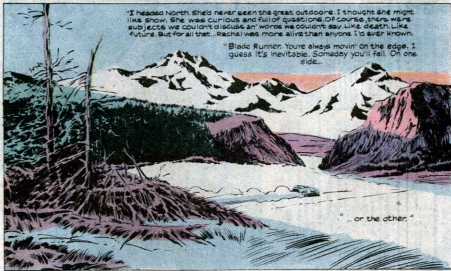
"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"

"I headed North. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might
like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were
subjects we couldn't discuss and words we couldn't say like death like
future. But for all that... Rachael was more alive than anyone I'd ever known."

"Blade Runner. You're always movin' on the edge. I
guess it's inevitable. Someday you'll fall. On one
side..."



"...or the other."